

The Scrap Book

Overlooked the Boots.

That Lord Brougham was fully capable of a quick retort is shown by the following:

"You, my lord," said Wellington, angry with him, "will be remembered not for having been a great lawyer or for having written profound philosophical essays, but for having given your name to a peculiar style of carriage."

"And your grace," answered Brougham, "will be remembered not for having gained the battles of Vittoria and Waterloo, but for having given your name to a fashionable kind of boots!"

"Oh," said Wellington, "d— the boots! I forgot 'em."

WORK.

You can climb to the top of the loftiest hill

If you work.

You can make of yourself whatsoever you will

If you work.

A faith you must have, rooted deep in your soul:

A purpose unshaken, a firm self control.

Strive on without ceasing. You'll reach to the goal

If you work.

Asked and Received.

Patrick was a clerk in a suburban grocery store. It was a busy season, and the grocer was waiting upon two or three customers at the same time. He was in a hurry, and everything had to be where he could get it without much trouble or he would be delayed and probably lose money, so when he found that the pound weight was gone he was bothered.

"Patrick," he called out, "where's the pound weight?"

"The pound weight, is it?" said Patrick complacently. "Sure, an' it's Mither Jones has the pound weight."

"Mr. Jones has it? What do you mean by saying that Mr. Jones has the pound weight? How did Mr. Jones get it?"

"An' shure, didn't yez tell me to be perlitte to the regular customers?"

"Of course."

"Well, thin, Mither Jones comes into the store for a pound of tay. An', says he, 'whin I asked him what quality of tay he would have, 'Whattiver yez give me,' says he, 'give me the weight.' So I put the pound weight in the package with the tay, perlitte like, an' it's himself that's gone with it."

A Delicate Reply.

A senator, discussing a certain measure before congress, said:

"That needs delicate handling. It is like the position of the young man on his honeymoon. This young man's honeymoon was peculiar because, while still in mourning, he had married his deceased wife's sister. A friend of his, a chap he had not seen for years, accosted him on the honeymoon in a Niagara restaurant. The friend, after being introduced to the bride, said sympathetically:

"But who are you in mourning for, old man?"

"For my sister-in-law," was the delicate reply."

The Countess of Ayr.

At a country dance in England a gilded youth from town was complaining that there was nobody fit to dance with.

"Shall I introduce you to that young lady over there?" asked his hostess. "She is the daughter of the Countess of Ayr."

Delighted, the young man assented, and after waiting with the fair scion of a noble house ventured to ask after her mother, the Countess of Ayr.

"My father, you mean," said the girl.

"No, no, no," said the bewildered youth. "I was asking after your mother, the Countess of Ayr."

"Yes," was the reply, "but that's my father."

Utterly at a loss, the young man rushed off in search of his hostess and said the girl she had made him dance with was "quite mad—told me the Countess of Ayr was her father."

"So he is," answered the lady of the house. "Let me introduce you to him. Mr. So-and-so, Mr. Smith, the county surveyor."

The Joke Was on Them.

Two capricious young ladies planned to have some fun when a certain young man called to spend the evening. They thought it would be great sport to imitate everything he did. When the young man entered the parlor he blew his nose, which each of the girls promptly imitated. Thinking it a peculiar incident, the young man proceeded to stroke his hair. Both girls followed. Then he straightened his collar. They did the same, and a few dimples and smiles began to appear in spite of them. Now it was the young man's turn. He was positive of his ground and calmly stooped down and turned up his trousers.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Nothing Is Lost.

Everything disappears, but nothing is lost. The civilization of man is nothing but a huge immaterial pyramid constructed out of the work of all that has ever existed, just as our chalky mountains are made of the debris of nameless creatures who have subsisted under the forms of microscopic animal life.—Henri Frederic Amiel.

Something He Couldn't Wear.

A wealthy American who became a convert to Rome was very generous to Pope Leo XIII. in money matters. He had done many generous things, and the pope had rewarded him with orders and medals galore, for once a year this convert made a pilgrimage

to Rome, where he was kindly received by the holy father as a son, and generally, until the orders were exhausted, each time was bestowed with some fresh honor. On such occasions all these brave metal pieces were attached to the rich American's breast.

"I'll soon end that," the pope remarked to a confidant who was at his side during the levee. "Next time I shall give him a snuffbox," which he did, and a beautiful jeweled box it was.

The following year the American turned up again and was granted an audience, when, to the holy father's consternation, the faithful son of the church appeared not only with all his medals, but with the snuffbox attached to his waistcoat.

"The next time," the pope said, with a comical sigh, "I shall present him with a marble topped table. It is the only thing I can think of that he can't tie to his waistcoat."

Aunt Mahaly's Expedition.

"These stockings are so full of holes that they are worthless, Aunt Mahaly," said a lady to an old colored woman with a large family, who was a pensioner of her family.

"No'm, dey ain't," replied Aunt Mahaly, calmly appropriating them. "Rastus en Verbena got such black laigs dat de holes won't show now, en dem chiluns what got yaller meat kin wear two pairs at de same time. En you knows, Mis' Jo, dat de holes in all dem stockin's ain't gwine hit de same places."

The Conscientious Scot.

A commercial traveling man landed at Edinburgh, Scotland, one Saturday night too late to get out of town for Sunday. The next day he found that there was actually no form of amusement in the whole city to assist him in whiling away the day. He went to the proprietor of the hotel to see if he could suggest a way of passing the remainder of the day.

The landlord took pity on the stranger and took him to one of the rooms in the house in which a number of Scotchmen were playing a game called "nap," which is a sort of modification of "seven up." They were playing for a shilling a point, so that the game was a pretty stiff one. The stranger got in the game and played very cautiously, for he was quite sure that the players, or at least some of them, were cheating. One solemn faced Scot, he was especially sure, he caught cheating a number of times. The visitor began whistling a part of some vagrant tune. The Scot who had been cheating arose from the table and threw down the cards.

"What is the matter?" the other players asked.

"I'm gangin' awa'," the Scot answered, glaring at the stranger. "I'll play cards wi' no mon that whustles on the Sabbath."

The Struggle For Liberty.

What you call liberty I call liberties, and what I call the struggle for liberty is nothing but the constant, living assimilation of the idea of freedom. He who possesses liberty otherwise than as a thing to be striven for possesses it dead and soulless, for the idea of liberty has undoubtedly this characteristic—that it develops steadily during its assimilation. So that a man who stops in the midst of the struggle and says, "Now I have it!" thereby shows that he has lost it.—Henrik Ibsen.

Steam Pipes as Hosts.

When Commissioner Allen had charge of the patent office in Washington he was very punctilious about the respect due him and his position and demanded full tribute from everybody.

One day as he was sitting at his desk two men came in without knocking or announcement and without removing their hats.

Allen looked up and impaled the intruders with his glittering eye. "Gentlemen," he said severely, "who are visitors to this office to see me are always announced and always remove their hats."

"Huh," replied one of the men, "we ain't visitors, and we don't give a hoot about seeing you. We came in to fix the steam pipes."—Saturday Evening Post.

She Would Cure Him.

"My husband is so poetic," said one lady to another on a street car. Whereupon an honest looking woman, with a big market basket on her feet, interjected with, "Excuse me, mum, but have you ever tried rubbin' his joints with hartshorn liniment?"

Called His Name.

On the occasion of a dinner Sydney Smith was the guest, and when evening was over the host thanked the wit heartily for the entertainment he had afforded. "I shall not forget you, Mr. Smith," he added. "You may, I hope, take care you don't forget yourself tomorrow"—it was Saturday church, rejoined Smith, where, host, Kershaw by name, rather blurted up.

"I hope, sir, I know how to behave myself in church!" "Well," said Smith good temperedly, "if I catch you smiling I will call you by name." "You may," rejoined the visitor. "The thing is absurd. I will give you a donation to the York hospital if it happens."

On the ensuing morning Smith read the prayers reverently, as he always did, then ascended the pulpit, looked around the church and rested his eye on the visitor, whose name was Kershaw. That gentleman said afterward that he did not know what possessed him, but so it was he gave a broad smile. Thereupon the preacher was seized with a violent inclination to sneeze, and, applying his handkerchief with suitable action, he sounded "ker-ker-shaw" three times over.

Rings Round Eyes

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The Boy Who Fights.

The maiden ladies of advanced age, who alone know all about the way children ought to be brought up, will no doubt go into spasms of indignation over a Chicago Police Judge's discharge of a 12-year-old boy, brought before him for fighting. For the discharge of the boy is not the Judge's only offense. He congratulated the boy on his victory over a larger boy, who had been bullying him, and added:

"Go back and do it again, if he bothers you any more, and if they have you arrested again I'll turn you loose once more. I like to see a boy who isn't afraid to fight his own battles, and it's a shame for him to be brought into Police Court."

This must be simply paralyzing to the minds of old maids of both sexes.

It may naturally seem wrong to many well-intentioned mothers, whose natural affection is greater than their knowledge is the needs of developing boys.

But the Judge's advice is human and sensible.

The boy who will not fight when bullied or imposed upon will be no good when grown up. He will be imposed upon all his life.

Other men will use him for their own purposes, and he will be a negative quantity until his final submission to the last common enemy:

It is every boy's instinctive disposition to defend himself against imposition. If he fails to do so, it is very likely to be because he is too cowardly, not too moral, to fight.

If the absence of courage, he is very apt to resort to cunning and treachery, get his revenge in secret and despicable ways, and grow up a hypocrite and sneak.

Let the boy bravely fight out his own battles.

A skinned nose or a bruised lip won't hurt him much, and won't damage the other fellow—much.

Despised above all things in this world—and particularly in the juvenile world—is one who won't fight.—Cincinnati Post.

They say that the hens of the United States are worth more to the country than the gold industry and the steel industry put together. And here's the pretty part of it: When the gold ore and the iron ore are taken from the ground, it's stolen poor forever. But the hen leaves the soil richer than she found it.

Did you ever figure how much you had paid out for tools during the last twenty years? Just estimate it once, and when you have figured it out, you can just say that if you had not left your tools out of doors during the time when not in use you could have saved a half of it; and how many acres of land would this half buy? If you have sheltered your machinery you can say that you have paid out only half as much as your neighbors who winter their machinery in the fence corners.

The pills peculiar to women, take different forms.

Some ladies suffer, every month, from dark rings round their eyes, blotches on their skin and tired feeling. Others suffer agonies of pain, that words can hardly express.

Whatever the symptoms, remember there is one medicine that will go beyond mere symptoms, and act on the cause of their troubles, the weakened womanly organs.

Wine of Cardui

Mrs. M. C. Austin, of Memphis, Tenn., writes: "For five (5) years I suffered with every symptom of female disease, but after using the well-known Cardui Home Treatment, I was entirely well."

WRITE US A LETTER

Write today for a free copy of valuable 64-page Illustrated Book for Women. If you need Medical Advice, describe your symptoms, stating age, and reply will be sent in plain sealed envelope. Address: Ladies' Advisory Dept., The Chattanooga Medicine Co., Chattanooga, Tenn.

NOTICE TO FARMERS

Since putting in the stave mill, I find that I am making more fuel than I can use. In order to utilize more fuel, I will give 38 pounds of strictly first-class Flour and 11 pounds of bran per bushel for Al wheat, and will continue to do so as long as I am getting this extra fuel. :: : I will pay the highest market price for good Wheat.

W. R. MYERS

WANTED LIVE ANIMALS

At the following Prices:

250 Old Red Foxes	\$2.25 Each
250 Old Gray Foxes	\$1.50 Each
600 Fox Squirrels, tails perfect	\$1.00 Each
400 Gray Squirrels "	.35 Each
175 Flying Squirrels "	.15 Each
100 White Squirrels "	\$3.00 Each
75 Coons, tails perfect, 50c and	\$1.00 Each
50 Ground Hogs	.50 Each

These prices are net. I pay the express.

All Animals must be forwarded as soon as caught.

I Will Pay More Alive than Fur Dealers Pay For Skins. No Crippled Animals Accepted.

W. T. HODGEN

Box 232, Campbellsville, Ky.

Bargains! Bargains!

I Have a Large Stock of General Merchandise and am offering Bargains to the Trade.

I handle every thing that is kept in a General Store, such as clothing, boots, shoes, etc., etc.

I make a specialty of handling ladies furnishing goods, and have now a large stock on exhibition.

Millinery—In connection with my store Mrs. J. H. Payne carries a large stock of millinery.

Mrs. Ermine Wilson,

Russell Springs, Ky.

In order to get rid of the San Jose scale it is well to spray both in the fall and in the spring. Where the scale is bad they are so encrusted on the branches as to be four or five deep, consequently only the top receive the benefit of the spray. It is therefore advisable to give a second spraying. In the fall the scale are less resistant than in the spring.

A freak fowl, that is a cross between a guinea and a chicken, was on display at the poultry show at Frankfort, Ky., last week. The curiosity is owned by J. W. Mulholland, of Franklin county. The fowl neither resembles a chicken nor a guinea, but is one of the queerest combinations that has been seen in a long time.